

The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion
in Algiers

[By L. A. R. WYLIE

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SYNOPSIS.

Sylvia Omney, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds his father in love with a woman. Captain Sower's room Farquhar forces Sower to have Preston's I. O. U's returned to him. Farquhar is helped to his room by Gabrielle Smith. Sower demands an apology. Refused, he forces Farquhar to resign his commission in return for possession of Farquhar's father's written confession that he had murdered Sower's father. Gabrielle saves Farquhar from suicide. To shield Arnaud, Sylvia's fiancé, Farquhar professes to have stolen war plans and tells the real culprit why he did so. As Richard Nameless he joins the Foreign Legion and sees Sylvia, now Mme. Arnaud, meet Colonel Destin. Farquhar meets Sylvia and Gabrielle, and learns from Corporal Gout of the colonel's cruelty. Arnaud becomes a drunkard and opium smoker. Sylvia becomes friendly with Colonel Destin. Arnaud becomes jealous of Farquhar. Farquhar, on guard at a villa where a dance is in progress, is shot down by Arnaud. Arnaud justifies his insanely jealous action to Colonel Destin. Arnaud goes to a dancing girl who loves him for comfort.

Opium is a deadly drug, but it makes men dream away their lives in a sort of artificial peace. Burdened with the grief of desertion, racked by disease that is fatal, buffeted by fate and thoroughly disheartened, a middle-aged man smokes opium to keep his senses deadened. Do you think his action justified?

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"I tried to kill him," he said quietly but distinctly, "and I mean to kill him. That is the only change."

"Is that any change? Has it taught your fair, pure young wife to love and honor you?" He ground his teeth together without answering, and she went on, her voice grown suddenly harsh and contemptuous. "You are a fool, Desire. You are a fool, like all men. What is there in this one woman that you should care? She is pretty, but others are prettier. I have seen her, for it amused me to have a glance at the wonder who could drive two men to the devil. And what is she? A charming doll with a child's eyes and a sparrow's brain. What else?"

The girl rose. She took one of the long-stemmed pipes from the table and lit it at the brazier. The red embers glowed up on her face, where was written a somber inscrutable bitterness. She came back and placed the pipe in his inert hand.

"There!" she said simply. "That is what you have come for. Forgetfulness."

He nodded. Silently he cowered back among the ragged cushions and with half-closed eyes began to smoke. In the hovel there was perfect silence. As the minutes passed the subtle magic perfume sleeping beneath the rank sweetness awoke, the lurking dreams



"I tried to kill him," he said quietly but distinctly, "and I mean to kill him."

And fancies came out from among their shadows and moved lightly to and fro in the brightening circle of firelight. Arnaud smiled wistfully at them. Little by little the terrible lines of pain drawn about his features passed, leaving them a white peace. A sigh broke from his loosely parted lips.

"Sylvia—Sylvia—my wife—"

His head dropped back—the strange-stemmed pipe slipped from his powerless fingers and fell with a soft thud to the floor. The woman bent over him and kissed him. A single tear, drawn from a well of savage pity, had dropped on the untroubled brow.

"God of our fathers," she whispered from between clenched teeth, "Thou knowest I am bad—rotten to the heart—but thou knowest also I am not so bad as the woman who sent this man to me."

She knelt down, and with her dark head against the sleeper's knee watched and waited.

All was quiet. But on the other side of the curtain an Arab crouching beside the brazier awoke. There was

a slight smile about his lips as though his dreams had brought him food for amused reflection, and with a quick glance at his motionless companion he got up and slipped out into the street. It was now toward evening and the great heat of the day was broken. At a white-walled villa on one of the broad avenues he glided through a Moorish doorway into the passage. Before him lay the courtyard where two women talked, their low voices mingling musically. At last he came out into the light. His manner was inimitable in its suggested homage and a hundred unspoken flatteries.

"Madame, it's Abou-Yakoud who ventures before you," he said in his soft Arab French. "Abou-Yakoud, who has seen Mecca and who reads Destiny as an open book. Give me your hand, madame. For a little franc, I will tell you good and evil—what was and what is to come."

Sylvia Arnaud started slightly and turned.

"You shall not come in here," she said impatiently, and yet not without a childish touch of hesitation. "Beggings is forbidden. Now be gone!"

She tossed a handful of money on to the white stone flags. Each coin rang out like a note of jangling laughter, which still echoed after her as she passed into the shadows of the gateway.

Abou-Yakoud bent and gathered the nickel pieces from the ground. When he looked up again he stood straight and erect, and the beard had vanished.

"Gabrielle!" he said softly.

She turned a little. The warm gold of evening was on her face and softened the stern lines to a mild and noble serenity.

"I know," she said. "Your voice betrayed you. And then—sooner or later I felt that you would come, though for what purpose God knows."

"Let us hope he does not," he answered sardonically. "I am here on my own business, and my own business has no sanctity about it. I must keep control if I am to win through to the things I want."

"The things you want?" she echoed with deep sadness. "What are they now, Stephen?"

He knelt on the marble edge of the fountain and caught her hand.

"Gabrielle!" he repeated hoarsely. "Gabrielle!"

She looked down at him. Her free hand she laid quietly upon his.

"You are cruel to yourself," she said. "Why have you come, Stephen?"

"God knows. I have lied so much in all these ghastly years, Gabrielle. I have lied most of all to my own conscience. I have called you an episode—a folly. I have heaped contempt on you, on my memory of you, and always you have risen as now—the one pure thing that I have loved, my one virtue, my own fidelity—"

"Hush, Stephen, we have buried our dead."

"You have—I cannot. I tried. At first it was remorse that would not let me—the knowledge that I have ruined you—dishonored you—"

"That is not true," she interrupted proudly. "No woman—no man—has ever been dishonored by one action. Honor is not a possession to be lost or broken. It is ourselves—what we are. If you had dishonored me I should be different; but I am not different. I have grown stronger—that is all. I see clearer. I am happy."

"Happy? Your name—your position—your people—all lost?"

She smiled faintly.

"Those griefs are old and healed, Stephen. I have a name and a position. They are my own, and I am a little proud of them. I owe you my knowledge of myself and my own strength—some hours' illusion, a broader outlook, a deeper understanding of other women's failures. Let that suffice between us—"

"I cannot." He sprang up with a wild gesture of protest. "It is not remorse that haunts me. I am not the man to feel remorse. I half loved and half despised you. Then—that night when I came back and found that you knew me for what I was—a liar, a cheat, a common spy, to be bought and sold by every man—and had left me on the very eve of my stonement to you—then I knew my own madness. From that hour I wanted you."

"It's too late, Stephen," she said, "too late. I have buried my dead, dear. I cannot call the dead to life. We are free and we stand alone. We must go our ways, Stephen."

"I won't plead, Gabrielle. I know you better." Then suddenly he turned and stumbled blindly into the darkness of the passageway.

CHAPTER XI.

Behind the Mosque.

Colonel Destin rode through Sidi-bel-Abbes, and many of those he passed looked after him. One or two of his observers were soldiers wearing a red and blue uniform of the Legion. They saluted first and grimaced only after a cautious interval.

"Nom d'un Petard! Will the devil never grow old?"

Women looked after him—Arab women from behind mysterious veils, and Europeans—all with the same feminine interest in what is strong. For Colonel Destin sat his horse with grace and ease, and the slight erect figure carried the years lightly. How many the years were no one knew.

Thus he rode slowly through the pleasant shaded avenues, skirting the nigger quarter, till he reached the plateau. There he drew rein, his keen eyes sweeping the low girdle of olive trees and clustering native hovels to the far side, where the mosque rose up in stately purity against the turquoise sky. Through the graceful archway a double line of Arabs drifted backward and forward in a soft-flowing, unbroken stream of worship, and suddenly Colonel Destin set spurs and galloped over the hard clay, scattering the stragglers to right and left.

"Madame Arnaud!"

She turned with a little start of surprise, and freeing herself from the cumbersome red slippers which encased her infidel feet, she came to meet him, her hand outstretched in gracious welcome.

"Why, Colonel Destin! You!"

"There's no one here for whom it is



"Those Griefs Are Old and Healed, Stephen."

necessary to play comedy," he answered with brutal directness. "You had my note?"

"Yes—" She crimsoned and faltered, and he swung himself to the ground, looping the bridle over his wrist.

"We must get away from the crowd," he said in the same curt, imperative tone. "It is fairly quiet behind the mosque. Take my arm. The rough ground is excuse enough."

"If anyone saw us they would think—"

"Nothing that is not true, madame." She hesitated, half resentful, half afraid.

"I am beginning to ask myself what is the truth, colonel."

"That is what I have come to tell you."

They walked on. Overhead, from the high towers of the mosque, an Arab chant drifted down to them through the quiet air—

"I extol the greatness of the Lord, of God the most high—"

They were quite alone now. On their right the white walls sheltered them; to the left the open sun-scorched plateau. Colonel Destin stood still and faced his companion.

"Well," he said, "have you nothing to say to me?"

"I?" She lifted her lustrous brown eyes to his in simple inquiry. "What should I have to say?"

"Your husband is safe."

"Oh, Desire! Yes, I had forgotten about it almost. It was an accident. He thought I was about to be attacked. He is so nervous and excitable, and the night was dark. He explained it all—"

"Yes, Captain Arnaud explained everything." There was a block of stone beside him and he set his foot upon it, leaning forward so that their faces were on a level. "Madame Arnaud! Do you really think I believe you or in you? My child, if your husband had acted as you say, he would have been cashiered for an intoxicated incapacity; but he gave me his explanation. It was an explanation which men among themselves—some men—understand and accept—madness on account of a woman. I let your husband go free. Do you thank me?" She made no answer. The graceful knowledge of her power was gone. Her eyes hung on his with the blankness of a will in abeyance. "You do not thank me," he went on deliberately. "You would like to. You would like to play the role of the faithful wronged wife. But I am the one person before whom you cannot act, either to yourself or to others. I have seen through you, and your little shallow soul knows it. All artifice between us is useless. Do not move—stay there!" He caught her hands and held them in a grip of iron.

Will Sylvia be strong enough to resist the fierce fire of sensual temptation which Colonel Destin holds to her scorching soul? Will she fall into a moral abyss?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CALOMEL SICKENS! IT'S MERCURY! DANGER

"Dodson's Liver Tone" Straightens You Up Better Than Salivating, Dangerous Calomel and Doesn't Make You Sick—Don't Lose a Day's Work—Wonderful Discovery Destroying Sale of Calomel Here.

You're bilious! Your liver is sluggish! You feel lazy, dizzy and all knocked out. Your head is dull, your tongue is coated; breath bad; stomach sour and bowels constipated. But don't take salivating calomel. It makes you sick, you may lose a day's work.

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel crashes into your bile like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping.

If you want to enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone tonight. Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50 cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone under my personal money-back guarantee that each spoon-

ful will clean your sluggish liver better than a dose of nasty calomel and that it won't make you sick.

Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular. You will feel like working; you'll be cheerful; full of vigor and ambition.

Dodson's Liver Tone is entirely vegetable, therefore harmless, and can not salivate. Give it to your children. Millions of people are using Dodson's Liver Tone instead of dangerous calomel now. Your druggist will tell you that the sale of calomel is almost stopped entirely here.—Adv.

NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN

Chauffeur Had Overlooked a Matter That Really Was of the Gravest Importance.

As he buttoned up his overcoat before setting off on a motor tour, Jones asked his chauffeur a few questions. "Car all ready? Have you put the spare inner tubes in the tonneau?" "Yessir."

"Are the repair tools in the box, and plenty of petrol in the tank?" "Yessir," replied the man again, patiently.

"Oiled it thoroughly?" "Yessir." And this time he reeled off a list of places to which he had applied the oil can.

The motorist's face grew black when he finished.

"Why, you fool," he broke in, "you have forgotten the most important place of all!"

The chauffeur stared at him in surprise.

"You've forgotten the number plate at the back," snapped Jones. "Take the can and squirt some oil on it. Then the dust will stick to it. Never forget to oil the number plate!"

WAS MYSTERY NO LONGER

Bridegroom's Admission Satisfied Small Boy as to the Disappearance of the Jelly.

It was a happy day for Algy when, after a courtship of many years, he sat at the wedding breakfast beside his wife.

Unfortunately, he was of a very shy temperament, but on this momentous occasion his nervousness was painful to behold. The long table was lined with the usual large number of admiring and criticizing friends, one of whom proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom.

But the climax came when the bridegroom rose to respond.

"On this—er—this—er—most auspicious—auspicious occasion," he jerked out, "I feel—a long and embarrassing pause—I feel too full for words."

Having concluded this brilliant bit of oratory he sat down again.

"Great Caesar! I told you so," piped Algy's newly-acquired brother to his school chum, in a voice audible to all. "That's where all the jelly went to!"

American Fur Heads Preferred.

A furrier at Kingston, Ont., states that the heads used for trimming furs are now imported from the United States, according to Consul Felix S. Johnson, who writes: "An effort was made to manufacture this class of goods in Canada, but the result was not a success. In the article received from the United States, the skin which is moistened beforehand, is drawn over the head and dried and retains its form; that made in this country retains its moisture and the tongue and teeth in time dropped out. There was also a great difference in the price, heads from the United States selling at \$1.50 per gross and the Canadian at \$2.50. With the duty and other charges the American article is no higher in price than the domestic."

Of a Fighting Race.

"What's the matter with Dubwaite? He looks as if someone had given him a terrible thrashing."

"Poor Dubwaite made the mistake of trying to pick on a man who wore a wrist watch and a soft collar."

"Well! Well!"

"Yes. Dubwaite called him 'Ellen-beth,' but soon found out that his right name was 'Mike.'"

DON'T GAMBLE that your heart's all right. Make sure. Take "Renovine"—a heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

"Life would be so much better and brighter if we would only let it be. Don't worry."

The race isn't always to the swift. Sometimes it goes to the wise chap who knows how to fix things.

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH.

You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, grizzly, gray hairs by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing.—Adv.

His Bluff Called.

Bluffman—I owe you ten dollars, old chap—can you change a fifty-dollar bill?

Banks—Certainly!

Bluffman—Ah—er—since you're so flush, I guess I won't pay you till next week.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Browning's Peculiar Eyes.

Browning's eyes were peculiar, one having a long focus, the other very short. He had the unusual accomplishment (try it and prove) of closing either eye without squinting and without any apparent effort, though sometimes on the street in strong sunshine his face would be a bit distorted. He did all his reading and writing with one eye, closing the long one as he sat down at his desk. He could see an immense distance. He never suffered with any pain in his eyes except once when as a boy he was trying to be a vegetarian in imitation of his youthful idol, Shelley.—Boston Transcript.

To Drive Out Malaria

And Build Up The System

Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents.

Confidence.

Why does this country tend always to belittle its wealth, its works, its men and its power to meet calamity? It does, and yet we are thought to be a people unembarrassed by modesty. Yankee boastfulness is a proverb in the world, but no Yankee ever told quite all the truth. He never dared, and, besides, he could not make himself believe the whole length and depth and breadth of it. Distrusting their own judgment, the American people lack confidence in their great estate. Their temperament is rich in daring faith and optimism, but poor in confidence, which is a quality that comes with time. A young people perhaps should not have it. It is not good to have everything.—New York Times.

SAVE A DOCTOR'S BILL

by keeping Mississippi Diarrhoea Cordial handy for all stomach complaints. Price 25c and 50c.—Adv.

The orange tree is the only one which bears fruit and blossoms at the same time.

United States Ahead Again.

While many of the most important electro-chemical and electro-metalurgical industries are of American origin, and have been developed chiefly in connection with the Niagara Falls power development, electric steel refining started originally in Europe, but at an early date all the noteworthy European electric steel furnaces were introduced into this country, and the work of the American steel man has left its mark on electric steel furnace designs, says the Electrical World. During the last year the increase in the number of American electric steel furnaces was 78 per cent, and as a result the United States is now leading all the countries in the world in the number of electric steel furnaces, while Germany held the leading place up to last year. On January 1, 1914, the United States had 73 electric steel furnaces in operation or under construction, compared with 53 in Germany and 46 in England.

A Kidney Medicine That Makes Friends Everywhere

Thirteen years ago we commenced selling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and during our entire experience we have not encountered a single unpleasant dealing with our customers who have used it. It is a preparation that gives universal satisfaction, and our customers are always pleased to speak in the highest terms regarding it. We have sufficient confidence in Swamp-Root to recommend it and consider we are doing our customer a favor.

Very truly yours,

BARNETT-SCHENK DRUG CO.,

Jan. 10th, 1916. Roanoke, Va.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Sorry for Husband.

A husband who says his wife chased him out of the house when he was clad in his night shirt and pursued him in the direction of an electric arc light admits that he spanked her with a fence picket. Considering the lack of distinction which marks the night shirt and the pitiless publicity which the arc light might have given the costume, it is easy to sympathize with the husband if his whole statement is true.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

So Paw Says.

Little Lemuel—Say, paw, what would you call a wealthy neighborhood?

Paw—One in which every family patronizes the ice man, my son.

There is a limit to everyone's capability, but few have reached their limit.

It's a Picnic Getting Ready for a Picnic.

If you choose

Spanish Olives Pickles Sweet Relish Ham Loaf Veal Loaf
Chicken Loaf Fruit Preserves Jellies Apple Butter,
Luncheon Meats Pork and Beans

Libby's
Ready to Serve
Food Products

Insist on Libby's at
your grocer's

Libby, McNeill & Libby
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